A signe of dignity, a garish flagge,
To bee the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the sceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
Who sues to me and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
where be the thronging troupes that followed thee
Decline all this and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widdow:
For ioyfull mother one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catife crown'd with care:
For one being sued too, one that humble sues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art:
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I slip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes will make me smile in France.
Qu. O thou well skild in curses stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemyes.
Qu, Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare deaths happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse make the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curse.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu, M Thy woes will make them sharp & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why should calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your clients woes,
Aiery succeeders of intestate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what th
Helpe not all, yet not doe they ease th
Dut. If so, then be not tong-tide, g
And in the breath of bitter words, lets
My damned sonne, which thy too so
I heare his drum, be copious in exclai
Enter King. Richard marching
and trumpets.
King. Who intercepts my expediti
Dut. A shee, that might haue interce
By strangling thee in her accursed w
From all the slaughters wretch, that t
Qu. Had'st thou that forehead wit
Where should be grauen, if that righ
The slaughter of the Prince that ow
And the dire death of my two sonnes
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are
Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonn
Qu. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Riuers*
King. A flourish trumpets, strike al
Let not the heauens heare these tell-
Raile on the Lord anointed. Srike I
Either be patient and intreat me faire
Or with the clamorous reports of w
Thus will I drowne your exclamatio
Dut. art thou my sonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my Father a
Dut. Then patiently heare my impa
King. Madam I haue a touch of yo
Which cannot brooke the accent of
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in
King. and briefe good mother for
Dut. art thou so hastie I haue staid
God knowes in anguish, paine and
King. and came I not at last to con
Dut. No by the holy roode thou k
Thou camst on earth, to make the e

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG (JA 37